

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Shut in a Room With a Russian Bloodhound.

PRETENDING DEAD TO SAVE LIFE.

A Man With a Broken Leg Stands a Small Chance Against a Powerful Dog—Calls on the Police for Assistance.

From the New York Sun.

In crossing the Strand, London, I dodged the pole of one vehicle just in time to be struck by the shafts of another, and, as the pavement was slippery, I went down, and the vehicle went over me, breaking my left leg below the knee. An hour later I was in my bachelor apartments, the work of the surgeon having been completed. I ought to be in time to have come off with my life, for in a state of many weeks, and I had some business which must be attended to by an outsider. Therefore, after a day or two, I sent for Captain William, an old acquaintance. He answered promptly enough, and we soon made very satisfactory arrangements. He was a bluff, honest fellow, out of active service, and having nothing to do, and the only unpleasant feature about his friendship was the fact of his owning a monster Russian bloodhound. The brute was his shadow. When the doctor came, he could not get him. He refused all parties and receptions because of the dog. He refrained from excursions by land or sea because he would be temporarily separated from Czar, as he called the animal. The pair were well known in London, and the captain was as safe at midnight in Vallandigham as any other man would be in the Strand at noonday. One glance at the dog was enough to show that he was as dangerous as a tiger. He made no friends either among dogs or men, and had miraculously escaped a dozen well-laid traps to bring him to justice.

I had apartments on the second floor, three rooms in a row, with a hall along the front of the last two. The first room was for my servant, a man who had been with me for many years. The next was the reception room, and the third my sleeping room. On coming down the hall could enter at either room. The bed room and reception room were connected, so that the officer could get to either. It was a hot day in August, with all doors and windows open. I was feeling pretty smart, although the pain was considerable, and a couple of my friends had just departed, after a brief call, when Henry, my servant, came in to see what he could do for me. I was flat on my back, as you know, with no chance to turn over on account of the leg, but I had him prop me up with two or three pillows. I then sent him for ice. He had but a few steps to go, and the doors were left open behind him. He had been gone about five minutes when Captain William's Russian bloodhound. I shouldn't have said walked; on the contrary he came running in, head up, tongue out, and his eyes as red as live coals. I saw him the moment he entered, and it passed through my brain like a flash that he was mad.

The door leading into the hall was open. Twice as the dog circled around the room, he seemed on the point of going out, but each time changed his mind, whining in an uneasy way, and then continued his circuit, looking for me or looking at me. It was a large room, with the sofa against the wall, and from the way the brute barked against the chairs I believe he was nearly blind. He had been with me two or three minutes when the hall door was caught by a draught of wind and slowly pulled to. It did not quite shut. The dog noticed the movement, sprang to get out, and the result was that he pushed the door shut and snapped the spring lock. The door leading into the reception room was still open, but the door from that into the hall was shut. The animal rushed into the room, running up to the table, and then came back, whining under my bed. That the dog was suffering with hydrophobia there could be no doubt. As he returned from the reception room there was foam on his jaws, and he was so weak he staggered.

Had he been a well man and fully armed my situation would have been bad enough. There I was, perfectly helpless, locked in with the brute, and knowing that it might be hours before death came to him. My servant had opened the door, and when he returned would open it and walk in. Then he would be attacked, and the dog would attack him. I had two or three minutes in which to think, and it was wonderful how cleared I was. I looked upon my own chances as hopeless and therefore determined that when Henry returned I would call out to him before he got the door open. I was also concerned for fear the dog would get out of the building. It was a crowded neighborhood, and he might bite a score of people on the way.

It is said that the presence of a great danger sharpens the sense of hearing. I believe this to be true, for I have had several personal experiences. As I lay there waiting for my servant to return, I plainly heard sounds which could not have come to ears under ordinary circumstances. At the foot of the second flight of stairs, a distance of fully seventy feet from my bed, Henry was stopped by a young man who lodged on that floor. I heard him say,

"It was waiting here to tell you that Captain William's brute of a dog passed up stairs a short time ago. Is the captain there?"

"He was not there when I left."

"And he has not come after the dog. The animal is a real scoundrel, and you'd better be careful how you drive right out."

"Thanks, sir; I'll hurry him up."

I heard my man come up stairs and along the hall. As soon as he saw that my bedroom door was shut he stopped and he acted like a hero. He came down the hall in tip-toe, put his face close to the door, and sang out:

"Colonel, I know the big dog is in your room and I am going for help. If he comes near you shut your eyes and pretend to be dead."

The sound of his voice put the dog into a frenzy. He growled and snarled and snapped, and as the man hurried down the hall the brute rushed romp under the bed with a dreadful howl and began rushing around the room before. After making the circuit of the bedroom four or five times, he dashed into the reception room. There he overthrew the center table, and in his fury he wrenched off a leg with his teeth and destroyed the upholstering of the sofa. He was terribly excited, and had given way to my feelings I should have screamed out like a woman. I shut my eyes tightly, braced my nerves by chiding myself for a coward, and when the climax came I was fairly ready for it. I knew that the dog would sooner or later turn to me, and as he left the reception room he was on the move to the two in the hall. The room was open back lying there, so I seized my sword for this for a moment. Then he came walking up to my face, bearing his full weight on my broken leg, and giving me intense pain. My arms and hands were on the cover, and the foam from his mouth fell upon my bare flesh. He put both paws on my chest, and ran his nose over my face to snuff at me, and he was all the time snarling and whining in a way to take the nerve away from the stoutest man.

I was so afraid I could not hold him off, and when the dog had come into this, a couple of bullets were fired into him, and he went out to fall dead. Henry had summoned two policemen, and while the brute stood over me on the bed the faithful servant had entered the reception room and pushed the door as nearly shut as they wanted it, having believed that the dog would behave just as he did. That Czar was suffering with hydrophobia could doubt from his looks and conduct. Inside of forty days two house dogs which he had snuffed at at first went mad, and then there was no further question that I had had a close shave from a horrible death.

The superiority of H. & S. Sarsaparilla is due to the tremendous amount of hard work and constant care used in its preparation. Try one bottle and you will be convinced of its superiority.

VALLANDIGHAM.

How He Was Received into the Confederate Lines.

One day in May, 1863, as Private S. F. Nunnelee, of the Fifty-first Alabama regiment, was on picket about five miles from Murfreesboro, Tenn., a federal officer, entirely unarmed and carrying a flag of truce, rode up and inquired for the officer in command, and through him for the colonel of the regiment. Colonel J. D. Webb was on the line, a couple of miles to the rear, and Private Nunnelee was sent to inform him that the federals were desirous of passing the noted Clement L. Vallandigham within the confederate lines. This move had been ordered of the secretary of war. This move had been anticipated, and Vallandigham's sentence had been anticipated, by the confederate government had no desire to accept him. He had come as a recruit for the ranks he would have been welcome, but as a banished politician he was a guest whom no one cared to entertain. Colonel Webb took his time about riding to the front, and as he got there Nunnelee was sent down the highway to investigate a second white flag. This was waving above a vehicle drawn by one horse and occupied by a federal lieutenant and a driver. The officer was driving, and the banished politician was sitting very stiff and erect. But few words were passed as the officer drew rein. He said to Nunnelee:

"Here is Vallandigham, sentenced to banishment."

And to the great politician he said:

"Come, I have time to spare."

"I protest against this outrage—solemnly protest," answered Vallandigham.

"Yes, but hurry up. I'll take your trunk off."

Then the officer sprang into the vehicle, turned the horse around, and went off at a fast trot, leaving Vallandigham and the confederate soldier together on the highway. Previous to the war Mr. Nunnelee was editor of a paper at Enfield, and Vallandigham was one of its readers. As they stood there the private soldier introduced himself and the politician gave him a hearty shake of the hand and said:

"What are you here doing?"

"In the ranks."

"How long are you fighting in the ranks of the confederate army?"

"Thousands of us."

"Then that settles it—the north can never conquer you."

After some further talk the soldier carried the politician's trunk into a deserted negro cabin a quarter of a mile away and then went for his colonel. Webb came slowly up and as he dismounted at the butch banished northerner said:

"Colonel Webb, I am Clement L. Vallandigham, a citizen of Ohio, United States, imprisoned, and have been banished from my country for my love of liberty and free speech."

"Mr. Vallandigham, as a citizen of Ohio and the United States, you are my enemy. As one held for his love of liberty, for which the south is fighting today, I bid you welcome to the southern confederacy."

They then entered into a general conversation lasting about half an hour, at the end of which Private Nunnelee secured a conveyance and Vallandigham and his party were received inside the confederate lines. The inmates made quite a stir at the picket post, and could the men have had their way would have headed the man for the federal lines and obliged him to return, as they counted far more on muskets than speeches to win their cause.

Mr. Nunnelee is now and has for many years past been the editor of the *Tuscaloosa Gazette*, and the incidents of this narrative, never before published, were taken from his own lips.

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Perry Davis' Pain Killer
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With every prescription postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet.

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FAMILY REMEDY
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INCORPORATED MARCH 20, 1887.

A. E. THORNTON, Pres.
JAS. W. HARVEY, Vice Pres.
T. B. NEAL, Chm. of Finance Committee.

Abstracts Furnished.

Certificates of warranty transferrable as collateral.

Money Loaned.

Notes and JUST, DANGER or DELAY in the examination of titles to real estate. Charge reasonable.

10% on the value of the property. Complete abstracts of all the county land record.

For full particulars apply to the secretary.

Titles Warranted.

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SHE WAS A GAY GIRL,

And Caused Her Old Father a Great Deal of Trouble.

INDISCRETIONS OF PRETTY MRS. SMITH

The French Beauty Marries a Georgia Youth, Which Drives Her Father to Dis-traction—Her Later Fall.

GAINESVILLE, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—Amelia D. Smith, of Atlanta, who was arrested in your city on yesterday, is the widow of Mr. George W. Smith, an esteemed citizen of Gainesville, who died about two years ago. The warrant charging her with the crime of adultery and fornication is based upon a bill of indictment proffered by the grand jury of Hall county at the February term, 1887, of Hall superior court.

Mrs. Smith's maiden name was DeFrane, and she and her father, who was a widower, came south early in the seventies. They spent some time at Walhalla, South Carolina, and moved on to Clarkesville, Ga., where she met young Smith, who at once became enamored with her charms and offered his hand in marriage, which was accepted. Her father was a Frenchman, a man of cultivated manners, large experience and possessed of ample means. He was very fond of his child, who was only daughter, and was opposed to her alliance with Mr. Smith; but his wishes were disregarded, and the couple were married.

Her father was greatly incensed at her dis-bidence and threatened to disinherit her. He left the south and went to St. Louis, Mo. He sought vengeance against his son-in-law, and his stubbornness never waned, but, if possible, grew stronger as he grew older.

Mrs. Smith was a lady who enjoyed every advantage and had everything that heart could wish. She had winsome manners and possessed a persuasive tongue and was a favorite in social circles, but in after years she departed from the ways of her earlier years and took to ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

The crime which she is now called upon to answer is charged to have been committed in Hall county on January 1, 1887, and the name of the party of the second part is Mr. James A. Findley, who conducts a saloon on South Bradford street, in this city.

MR. CLIFTON FLIES BACK

And Sets His Correspondence with Governor Gordon Straight.

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JUDGE SAM HALL IN DANGER.

Seized With a Sudden Illness—A Little Easier.

Mr. AIRY, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—Judge Samuel R. Hall was taken suddenly ill today with cerebral exhaustion.

His friends are alarmed at his condition.

Dr. Rodgers, his attending physician, says he is resting easily now, at ten o'clock tonight. He regards his symptoms more favorable.

BARBECUED MEATS

Give Relish to a Dougherty County Election.

ALBANY, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—The action of the county commissioners of Dougherty county, who recently purchased Tift's bridge, and today by a large and unanimous vote of the commissioners, voted in the total ballot in favor of issuing the bonds was 1478. Albany and Dougherty county are to be congratulated upon the settlement of this long litigated matter, and it should be a source of pride to them to know that such harmony and unanimity prevailed during the election. A mammoth hundred pounds of bacon was spread before the hungry diners. The news of this free meal had been heralded throughout the country, and as a consequence the city was filled with people like unto a circus day.

CENTRAL CITY LEGISLATION.

Completing a Contract for Water-Gas Pipes to be laid.

MACON, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—At a call meeting of council this evening, a report favoring the making of a five year contract with the water company, substantially the same as the one voted down, was submitted. Alderman Horne, chairman, submitted a motion report against the contract. Alderman Troutfield submitted a substitute favoring the placing of hydrometers in each plug, and making the pay by the gallon for all the water. The matter was deferred to a call meeting Tuesday.

Mr. Starr, of Baltimore, was granted the privilege of laying his gas pipes in the streets, provided they did not interfere with the pipes of the Macon Gas Light and Water company.

A SAD MESSAGE.

Mrs. Moultrie Called to the Deathbed of Her Brother.

MACON, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—Mrs. R. Moultrie, of Eufaula, Ala., has been in this city sometime under treatment for rheumatism. Today she received a dispatch from her family asking her to return to witness the death of her son Robert in Eufaula.

The Kudly River

Life is the blood. From it the system derives all its material of growth and repair. It bathes every tissue of the body. How necessary, then, that the blood should be kept pure and rich. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Dispensary" is the great blood food and blood purifier. It is a sovereign remedy for all diseases due to impoverished blood, consumption, pleuritis, weak lungs, scrofula, influenza, and kindred diseases.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A PROGRESSIVE CITY.

The Advantages Which Have Made Sandersville What It Is.

SANDERSVILLE, Ga., June 16.—[Special Correspondence.]—Sandersville is today rolling in the prosperity with which she is so abundantly blessed, and which, within the past few months has increased in such a remarkable degree. The important enterprises which have arisen in Sandersville are in the immediate boundaries of this city, and the past twelve months, are sufficient evidences of this growing prosperity. The citizens of Sandersville, to say nothing of those of the county, individually and collectively, seem to be imbued with the spirit of him who declared that "he that wished to be counted among the benefactors of posterity must add by his own toil and application to his ancestors," and taking advantage of the rich heritage which his ancestors have left them, not only in acquisitions, but in natural advantages, they continue to labor, as they have "done, to be counted benefactors. Scarcey had the now inestimable benefits derived from the completion of the narrow-gauge railroad from Augusta to this place begun to be paid, and the great energy and unflinching soul, combined with the conservatism and unmistakable competency of those who took the matter in hand, developed the journalistic enterprise, the Middle Georgia Progress. Men eminently fitted for the position were placed in charge, and, under the magic touch of their pens and resistlessness of their influence, together with the aid of their local friends, the important testimonial of the fact that discretion and perseverance will prevail have sprung up.

Chiefly among these stands the institution of a school, for which an appeal was made but a short while before this readily apparent necessity began assuming palpable proportions.

As has been stated, the grand jury of Washington county, at its last sitting, recommended the removal of the school building to a more appropriate site, and the movement for the purpose of erecting a new one has been

well along. The public schools are now in progress. Large numbers of our people have visited the schools, and all are highly pleased with the progress that has been made. The public schools have now been in operation for three years. Professor Benj. Neely has been superintendent during this time, and under his able management the schools have proved wonderfully successful. The principal, Prof. Bothwell Graham, also deserves much credit for his successful administration. The colored school, with A. B. Fortune as principal, has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its friends. On Friday evening the annual exhibition of the colored school will take place, and that of the white school will occur on Monday evening.

The Sandersville Students.

SANDERSVILLE, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—The commencement exercises of the Sandersville public high school concluded last night.

On Sunday last, Rev. Charles Lane, of Macon, delivered the commencement sermon to a thronged house. His texts were: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree;" Psalms, 37, 35; and "Crown him with glory and honour like the palm tree." Psalms 92, 12.

On Monday night the exercises were continued with boys' and girls' drills, Chinese dances, emotions, statuary, choruses, songs, etc.

Tuesday morning was devoted almost entirely to the graduating class, fourteen in number. Compositions and recitations were rendered by the graduates, interspersed with musical performances by various members of the school, followed by a voluntary by Charles L. Younghood. The graduates were Misses Moselle Whitaker (first honor), Ross Taliaferro (first honor), Mary Martin (first honor), Lee Kirkwood (second honor), Mary Roberts, Clara Trawick, Anna Robson, Lila Scarborough, Gertrude Baldwin, Sallie Parsons, Addie Jones, Minnie Whitaker, Benj. M. Gilmore, Charles L. Younghood.

On Wednesday night the ball was held, the movement of county taxation for the space of ten years, and our members of the legislature have been requested to introduce a bill relieving the same from state taxation for that length of time also. The bank enterprise numbers among its directors the principal business men of the county, and the success of the ball is doubtless a thing of no distant day.

Again, much of the flood tide of prosperity may be attributed to the prohibition movement, so successfully carried into effect on January 1 of this year. Since that date but two or three cases of disorderly conduct have been booked by the mayor, whisky being the cause of only one of them, and was obtained from a house of prostitution.

The crime which she is now called upon to answer is charged to have been committed in Hall county on January 1, 1887, and the name of the party of the second part is Mr. James A. Findley, who conducts a saloon on South Bradford street, in this city.

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THE STATE FAIR.

Colonel Grier Wishes to Complete the Racing Circuit.

MACON, Ga., June 16.—[Special.]—In a talk with Colonel Grier, secretary of the State Fair association, a plan was unfolded that seems likely to prove of special interest to horsemen.

What he wishes to do is to get Chattanooga to hold its fair in the early part of the month, say to October 1st, and then have the Georgia fair in the middle of October, and the State fair in the middle of November, and then have the State fair in the middle of December.

He wishes to have the State fair in the middle of December, and the State fair in the middle of January, and the State fair in the middle of February.

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Published Daily and Weekly.

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THE CONSTITUTION,

Atlanta, Georgia.

J. J. Flynn, General Eastern Agent, 23 Park Row, New York City.

ATLANTA, GA., JUNE 17, 1887.

Returning the Confederate Flags.

Mr. Mutal Halstead, the mildest warrior in time of battle, and the fiercest warrior in time of peace, of whom record is to be found in sacred or profane history, is howling himself hoarse over the suggestion to return to the south the battle flags captured from the confederate army.

Union soldiers will remember that when they were fighting in the trenches, Mutal Halstead was skulking about the capitol abusing Grant as a drunkard, and begging somebody to take Lincoln by the throat and batter his brains out against the wall. He was a slanderer of the men on whom the hope of the union armies rested when the union was in danger. It is wretched repartition he makes to the union cause to attempt to revive passions which drove him to his hole when they were at white heat.

Where was his chivalrous heart when Lincoln was begging for men and laying a draft on every northern state? It was beating a flurried tattoo in the same breast that now swells so furiously at a suggestion that was conceived in amity, and ordered in the hope of reconciliation. We can respect even the extreme utterances from General Fairchild, who fought like a man when the fight was up, but it is sickening to hear the post-bellum shrieks of such fellows as Halstead, who wrote slanders under a sutler's wagon against the men who were leading the union armies to victory, and who could never even seen a confederate flag, save by running over some belated ensign in a mad rush from the snapping of a cap.

As for the flags themselves, had they been sent to us in a generous spirit, the south would have received them in the manly spirit in which they were returned. She would have accepted them as a solemn pledge that the last spark of resentment between the two best armies the sun ever shone on, had died out forever. The union blood which glorifies some of these flags would have been held as sacred in any southern state capitol as it were the blood of the men who died in defending it. But if the north resents their return, or if they come from churlish or unwilling hands, the south does not want them. Bonner flags never led braver troops to battle. The men who fought behind them sealed their faith with their blood. These flags were never surrendered until there was no dishonor in parting with them, and until as much glory had been won in defending them as ever clustered about flags on which victory rested. Wherever they may be left, in the dingy rooms at Washington, or spread in the capitol of the states from which they were taken, they will bear lasting testimony to the brave and simple faith of an honest people, and their matchless valor in battle, and dauntless heroism in war.

Let the north keep them if she wants them. The peace and good will their return would hasten, will come to this people in God's time and in God's way at last. The voice of the American people will be heard above the noisy protest of the hot-headed or cold-hearted when the day comes for the people to speak. The great American heart can neither be misled nor deterred. It has determined that there shall be peace. The last sectional president of this republic has been elected, and for the last time has a great party entered a campaign under a sectional flag.

The war is over—its results are fixed—its passions are dead and its heroism and sacrifices have bound this people together as they were never bound before. Place-hunters may claim and agitators empty themselves of noise—but when the voice of the people is heard, their shrill exclamations will be lost in the rolling thunder. Let them have their brief moment. Edmund Burke spoke for all peoples and all times when, rebuking a noisy faction, he said, "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate clink, while thousands of great cattle reposing beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shriveled, meager, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

GENERAL H. V. BOYNTON, of the Cincinnati Commercial, appears to be very angry because the confederate flags are to be returned to the southern states. As a matter of fact, General Boynton is angrier over this than he was at General Sherman's remark that Boynton was a man who would sell the reputation of his family for money—or something of that kind.

"A Crack City," Built by "Crackers." We have already discussed the importance of certain people who talk of the entervation and lack of enterprise of the south and southern people. One correspondent says, speaking of the wonderful progress made by this section, "even the natives are taking hold at last." Mr. F. C. Hollins being interviewed said, "even northern men, under the entervation effect of the southern climate, lose their enterprise in a year or two."

How absurd this is shall appear from proof. We shall take some pains to make this proof overwhelming and unanswerable. There is an impression that the north has a monopoly of enterprise and energy, and the wonderful progress made by the south is ascribed to the importation of these qualities from beyond the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be. It will take some days to make this case clear, and to day we content ourselves with a single phase of it.

By common consent, Atlanta is the brightest city in the south. It is the place of which northern tourists say, "Why, this looks like the best northern cities." It was literally laid in ashes by the torches of Sherman's armies, and out of the pitiful resources left it has builded a city that challenges univers-

sal admiration. If a hundred northern travelers were called on to say what was the best feat the impoverished south has accomplished, they would say, "To have built, under all the circumstances, a city like Atlanta, and to have maintained it in prosperity and progress. To have wrought palaces from ashes, and built without credit or money a city that rivals the best western or northern cities." Indeed, it is constantly claimed that the exceptional vigor of Atlanta is due to northern brains and northern money.

But we show in another column, that in absolute truth, Atlanta was built by "natives." From first to last it has been fashioned and controlled by "natives." It has had its inspiration, its substance—the marrow in its bones and the flesh of its body—from "natives." Perhaps no city in America was so exclusively built from people born and reared in a hundred miles of its streets. Further than this, northern capital has always been ready in unlimited quantity to loan on mortgage of property in western cities. Not until three years ago was a dollar of northern capital offered on real estate mortgages in Atlanta—except that here and there an insurance company would lend to a policy holder. We do not disparage what our northern citizens have done. With all respect to them, we simply show that Atlanta has been built by country "crackers," sprung from the red hills that invest her about.

In a future article we shall show that the tremendous growth which is now fixing attention on the south, is due as overwhelmingly to southern brains and southern enterprise as the building of Atlanta is due to the pluck and energy of the "natives."

COMPLAINT is again made that there is no room in the treasury vaults for the silver coin. This complaint was at its height two or three years ago; but it is a fact now, as it was then, that the bulk of gold in the treasury is greater than that of silver. The gold bugs, however, are not by any means through with their silver troubles.

His Loss Was His Gain.

The Boston Herald thinks that money-getting requires a superior order of mentality. As an illustration it refers to Mr. Stetson, who died the other day at Whitman, Mass. Stetson had accumulated a fortune in Mobile when the war broke out, but his devotion to the union caused him to go north and forfeit nearly all of his property.

Stetson was a man of fifty-two when this great loss came upon him. Instead of breaking down under it he rushed into business with such energy that he died a rich man. The Herald attributes his success to peculiar mental qualifications.

Admitting all this, another thing should not be forgotten. Stetson's action in giving up everything because he loved the union was calculated at that time to excite the liveliest enthusiasm throughout the north. The refugee was regarded as a martyr. His story was a passport to the favor of all loyal people. If he was a bright, shrewd man, with fair business qualifications, he could hardly fail to profit by the situation.

To emphasize this view we have only to suggest that within the past few years more than one man has made money and friends at the north by posing as a martyr, driven from the south on account of his loyalty and his advanced opinions. If the game can be successfully played now, it is evident that it must have been the biggest kind of a boom at a time when sectional hatred and the passions of the war were at their height. Still, we would not underrate Stetson's judgment and pluck. Our point is that he had no small share of good luck along with it.

THREE MURDERERS will today step from the gallows in Georgia—at Louisville, Franklin and Reidville. A woman who was to have been hung in America appeals to the supreme court and delays her doom.

Democratic Administration.

The New York Tribune, a rabid republican organ, in an attempt to embitter the mugwumps, defends the democratic administration against the occasional attacks of those democrats who believe that they would now be enjoying the emoluments of office if the republicans had been removed. The Tribune says:

People who have the idea that republicans in large numbers are being kept in office by this administration will be undeceived by a table in our newspaper. By the way, we find that the total number of offices at President Cleveland's disposal, and also the number that have been filled by his appointment. The percentage of offices held or unremained is significantly small, so small, indeed, that Senator Vance's talk about "meagre scraps" loses all its force. There is no longer any pretense of basing removals on "offensive partisanship" or "pernicious activity." Offices are looked upon in the light of "spoils," and the avidity with which they are gobbed up must send a thrill of horror to the souls of those civil service reformers who were willing to trust the cause nearest their hearts to the tender mercies of the party of Andrew Jackson.

A few postoffices and consularships are about all that is left, and the postoffices, in particular are going fast. Truly the assertion of a democratic official in Brooklyn that a few months no republicans will remain in office is fully warranted. A clean sweep has nearly completed, and the work has been done quickly, unostentatiously, without attracting public attention.

ATLANTA is preparing to polish off the booms of some of her neighbors. That is to say, she will take Birmingham iron and work it up into various shapes for her own profit and education.

THE 535 convicts at Nashville were sounded on the prohibition question the other day. Only one man voted for whisky. Whether the other 534 will be pardoned or not is not stated.

MRS. L. D. TEMPLE, of Memphis, will shortly publish through Cassell & Co., of New York, a volume entitled "Shattered Leaves." It will be a complete collection of southern war poetry.

If you strike a man accidentally with a baseball, don't apologize. While a little boy at Reidville, N. C., was apologizing to Rev. Mr. Pittard for hitting him, Mr. Pittard knocked him down and beat him to death.

Some northern papers make it a point to distort even the virtues of the southern people. The Cincinnati Times-Star says that southern prohibitionists keep their whisky demijohns always full, and prohibit the sale of liquor simply to prevent the negroes from getting hold of it.

MRS. FLORA ADAMS DARLING, who recently had a claim for \$60,000 decided in her favor against the government, was thirty-five when she was robbed of her property by General Ben Butler's minnows. At the age of fifty-eight she gets back her own. Such a long fight for justice would have worn out most women.

PRINCE DHULEEP SINGH says that it is a physical impossibility for the English to absorb their Indian subjects, but he thinks it very likely that the 250,000,000 people of India will in the course of time absorb the English. The prince is neither a savage nor a dreamer. He is a highly educated man, and the British regard him as the most dangerous of their East Indian enemies.

THE EX-EXPRESS CARLOTTA is now forty-seven years old, and it is believed that her mind will soon be completely restored. During her twenty years of darkness great changes have occurred. Her royal husband was shot like a dog. Louis Napoleon, who abandoned him to his fate, died in exile. Both the Mexican and French empires are now mere memories. Poor Carlo will find many surprises in store for her.

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The best thing for people in the country is to have old-fashioned cisterns lined with hydraulick cement. They can be filled with rain from the house top, and the water is as good as any that can be had. In villages it will be found cheaper to construct reservoirs for the collection of the rainfall. It is stated that in localities where these substitutes have been adopted for wells and pumps there has been an extraordinary reduction in the death rate.

THERE is some more talk about Tammany hall supporting Blaine. This is the invention of men who would have the public believe that Tammany is made up of men who are willing to sell out to the high est bidder.

The Banks and Speculation.

Our readers have doubtless come to their own conclusions in respect of the recent disastrous results of an attempt on the part of speculative cliques to put up the price of coffee and wheat. Some of the small hang-ups have been wiped out, and some very influential concerns have been crippled.

But nobody cares anything about such results. It is a part of the compensation that the public receives that those who are most active in such gambling affairs are usually the ones that need the largest supply of slaves and poutives. Those who play with fire are bound to get burned sooner or later.

But there is one feature common to both furies that is not by any means reassuring. We allude to the connection of the banks with these wild speculative movements. According to all accounts the banks were heavily involved in these deals, having knowingly permitted their funds to be used in the speculation.

There is an element of great danger in this sort of thing. The banks owe it to themselves and to the public to make every effort to retain the confidence of the people who do business on business principals, and to maintain their reputation for caution and conservatism.

By all means let the banks keep out of the whirlpool of speculation.

THE WHISKY RING is able to control impudent congressmen and editors, and what the whisky ring fails to do is accomplished by the American agents of the Cobden club.

We repeat that the democratic party is not for free trade.

The George Theory.

Mr. George's poor little land theories explode as soon as they are put to the tests suggested by common sense. He has been foisted and befuddled a good many people, but his befuddlement is at an end. His theory about land is, in effect, that man can not own land because he cannot create it; because he can neither add to it nor take away from it.

This is plausible enough on the face of it, but the reply is that land is absolutely worthless until man, by his labor, has rendered it valuable. If labor is a factor of wealth it is also a factor of ownership. The value of land is absolutely created by the labor of man, and it is this value that belongs to man, the land itself degenerating or improving according as the labor thereon is well or ill-directed.

Mr. George's land theory would apply to everything that is not created by man. Sheep are not created by man, and therefore man is not entitled to profit by their increase. Their wool belongs to the public, and their so-called owners ought to be taxed until the ownership of sheep and the shearing of wool would no longer be profitable.

As soon as the man-of-war came up, a lieutenant boarded the slave and found plenty signs of negroes, but not a single slave. And the captain was not arrested.

He soon had another cargo of negroes, which he, this time, successfully landed and sold in Cuba. On his return to Boston, however, he and his mate fell out and the mate told on him. The captain ran away to Cuba and was not prosecuted. After awhile he succeeded in getting a pardon for him from the president, and he returned to Boston, where he now resides—wealthy, happy and respected. He told this story to his old friend who told it to me.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE	
Showing the arrival and departure of all trains from this city—Central Time.	
EAST TENN. VA. & GA. R. R.	
ARRIVE, DEPART,	
No. 14 from Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 12:20 p.m.	No. 14 for Rome, Knoxville, New York, Cincinnati and Memphis, 12:20 p.m.
No. 11 from New York, Knoxville, Cincinnati, Nashville and Memphis, 4:30 a.m.	No. 12 for Rome, Knoxville, New York, Cincinnati and Memphis, 3:30 a.m.
No. 19 from New York, Knoxville, Cincinnati, Memphis, 3:20 p.m.	No. 13 for Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 6:00 p.m.
No. 16 from Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 6:00 a.m.	No. 15 for Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 6:00 a.m.
No. 13, from N. Y. Knox- ville, 7:45 p.m.	No. 14 for Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, 10:15 p.m.
No. 15, from N. Y. Knox- ville, 7:45 p.m.	No. 16 for Knoxville, New York, 4:30 p.m.

PIEDMONT AIR-LINE

(Richmond and Danville Railroad.)

From Lula... 8:55 p.m.	To Charlotte... 7:40 p.m.
From Charlotte... 12:20 p.m.	To Lula... 4:30 p.m.
From Charlotte... 9:40 p.m.	To Charlotte... 6:00 a.m.
From Lula... 12:20 p.m.	To Charlotte... 7:40 p.m.
From Lula... 9:40 p.m.	To Charlotte... 11:00 p.m.

CENTRAL RAILROAD.

From Sav... 7:30 a.m.	To Chattanooga... 6:50 a.m.
" Bar'ville... 7:45 a.m.	" To Mac... 8:30 a.m.
" Bar'ville... 9:50 a.m.	" To Hapeville... 12:00 p.m.
" Bar'ville... 1:40 p.m.	" To Marietta... 3:45 p.m.
" Bar'ville... 5:30 p.m.	" To Cartersville... 3:00 p.m.
" Bar'ville... 5:30 p.m.	" To Barnesville... 5:25 p.m.
" Bar'ville... 5:30 p.m.	" To Mac... 5:50 p.m.
" Bar'ville... 5:30 p.m.	" To Chattanooga... 6:50 p.m.

WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.

From Chat... 6:10 a.m.	To Chattanooga... 7:50 a.m.
" Chat... 6:30 a.m.	" To Chattanooga... 1:40 p.m.
" Marietta... 8:00 a.m.	" To Cartersville... 3:45 p.m.
" Marietta... 10:15 a.m.	" To Barnesville... 3:00 p.m.
" Chat... 1:44 p.m.	" To Chattanooga... 5:50 p.m.
" Chat... 1:44 p.m.	" To Chattanooga... 11:00 p.m.

" Bid... 18x dividend.	Offered 18x rights.
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coolers, the entire market advanced. Business had gradually fallen off, but prices continued firm until one o'clock, when a sagging tendency was developed. The close, however, was steady at fractional concessions from the bear figures. The total day's business was 248,000 shares. Almost the entire active list is higher tonight, the only important exception being Pacific Mail, which was sold down rapidly in the last hour upon stories of the establishment of new opposition to the company, and that stock this evening is down 1 1/2 per cent. On the other hand, Lake Erie and Western preferred, Louisville and Nashville, England, Tennessee Coal and Western Union are each up 1 per cent and the others fractional amounts.

Exchange dull and heavy at 456,646. Money easy at 336,666, closing offered at 4. Subtreasury balance, Coln. \$155,221,000; currency, \$15,441,000. Government bonds steady; 4s 129 1/2; 4s 102 1/2.

Stocks were strengthened, probably by reported dry weather, and, under a fair demand with light dry weather, there was about a 1/2 advance. Cash and near futures were also firmer, but the improvement for these was not so marked. July opened at 25 1/2 and closed at 26 1/2.

Provisions were only moderately active, and the price of lard and ribs was about the same as in corn. July lard started at 75¢, sold down to 74 1/2 and back to 75¢, closing at 75 1/2.

July ribs opened 75 1/2, sold down to 73 1/2 and back to 73 1/2 and closed at 73 1/2.

The following was the range in the leading futures in Chicago on July 15.

WHEAT—Opening, Highest, Closing.

July 15, 71 72 71 1/2

July 16, 73 75 73 1/2

CORN—Opening, Highest, Closing.

July 15, 36 36 36

July 16, 37 1/2 37 1/2 37 1/2

ADDITIONAL—Opening, Highest, Closing.

July 15, 25 25 25

July 16, 25 1/2 25 1/2 25 1/2

MEMPHIS & CHAR.—Opening, Highest, Closing.

July 15, 78 78 78

July 16, 78 1/2 78 1/2 78 1/2

MOBILE & OHIO—Opening, Highest, Closing.

July 15, 78 78 78

July 16, 78 1/2 78 1/2 78 1/2

PROVISIONS, GRAIN, ETC.

CONSTITUTION OFFICE,

ATLANTA, June 16, 1887.

Net receipts for 5 days 2,474 bales, against 25,308

bales last year; exports 6,872 bales; last year, 39,233 bales; stock 312,026 bales; last year, 421,683 bales.

Below we give the opening and closing quotations of cotton futures in New York today:

JUNE 11, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 12, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 13, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 14, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 15, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 16, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 17, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 18, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 19, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 20, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 21, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 22, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 23, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 24, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

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JUNE 26, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 27, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 28, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 29, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JUNE 30, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 1, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 2, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 3, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

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JULY 7, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 8, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 9, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 10, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

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JULY 13, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 14, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 15, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 16, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 17, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 18, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 19, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 20, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 21, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 22, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 23, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 24, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 25, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 26, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 27, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 28, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 29, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

JULY 30, 100¢/110¢ 110¢/111¢ 110¢/112¢

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE.

One fine OIL CLOTH for large room or hall.
One Upright Show Case.
FREEMAN & CRANKSHAW,
JEWELERS,
31 Whitehall Street.

top 16 sp CROCKERY, ETC.

Best Goods Made.—
McBRIDE & CO.,
29 Peachtree Street.

FRUIT JARS, FLY FANS,
DRY-AIR REFRIGERATORS,

CREAM FREEZERS,

Gate City Stone Filters,

HAVILAND'S CHINA,

Fine Cut Glass, Brass and Bronze Goods.

MODERATE PRICES.

M'BRIDE'S.

DIVIDENDS.

Dividend Notice.

A DIVIDEND OF TWO PER CENTUM ON THE CAPITAL STOCK OF "The Central Bank Block Association" will be paid to the stockholders of this association on July 1st, 1887, at the Gate City National Bank, Atlanta, Georgia. The bank is open at the office of the secretary, James Finley, No. 88 Whitehall street. The books of transfer will close June 25th, 1887.

By the Board of Directors of "The Central Bank Block Association."

CHAS. Z. BLALOCK, President.

JAMES FINLEY, Secretary.

1st 16 sp sun

THE WEATHER REPORT.

Daily Weather Bulletin.

INDICATIONS.—For Atlanta: Fair; warm. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Tennessee: Fair weather; southerly winds; warmer.

OBSERVER'S OFFICE, GREENE, U. S. A. 1
U. S. CUSTOM HOUSE, June 15, 1887—9 P. M.
All observations taken at the same moment of
actual time at each place named.

WIND.

Barometer.

Thermometer.

Barometric.

Wind Point.

Direction.

Velocity.

Rainfall.

Weather.

STATIONS.

Augusta..... 30.00° 75° Cm Calm .00 Clear.

Savannah..... 30.07° 72° SE Light .00 Clear.

Jacksonville..... 30.02° 72° NE Light .00 Clear.

Montgomery..... 30.08° 82° 64° SE Light .00 Clear.

New Orleans..... 30.08° 82° 64° SE Light .00 Clear.

Galveston..... 30.98° 80° 70° E Light .00 Clear.

Palestine..... 32.98° 76° 68° S Light .00 Clear.

Fort Smith..... 32.98° 76° 68° S Light .00 Clear.

Shreveport..... 32.98° 76° 68° S Light .00 Clear.

LOUISIANA STATIONS.

6 a. m. 30.11° 80° 65° S 6 .00 Fair.

2 p. m. 30.04° 88° 58° NE 6 .00 Fair.

9 p. m. 30.03° 82° 61° SE 3 .00 Clear.

Maximum thermometer..... 90

Minimum thermometer..... 66

Total rainfall..... .00

Cotton Bell Bulletin.

Observations taken at 6 p. m.—75th meridian time.

ATLANTA DISTRICT.

Max. Temp.

Min. Temp.

Rainfall.

Atlanta, Ga..... 95.66° .00

Anderson, S. C..... 95.63° .00

Cartersville, Ga..... 95.69° .00

Calcutta..... 95.67° .00

Chattanooga, Tenn..... 95.63° .00

Gainesville, Ga..... 95.63° .00

Greenville, S. C..... 94.62° .00

Georgia, Ga..... 95.63° .00

Macon, Ga..... 95.63° .00

Newnan, Ga..... 95.64° .00

Spartanburg, S. C..... 92.61° .00

Toccoa, Ga..... 95.64° .00

West Point, Ga..... 94.64° .00

W. EASBY SMITH,
Corporal, Signal Corps, U. S. Army.

NOTE.—Barometer corrected for temperature and
instrumental error only. The dash (—) indicates
precipitation in inches.

Just arrived with a car load of fine and well
baked Indian Pones for sale at Miller & Brady's,
W. B. Smith.

When
You want a hammock go to John M. Miller's, 31
Marietta street.

Capitol City Land and Improve-
ment Company

Will buy real estate purchase money
notes. Office, Room 8, Gate City
Bank building, Pryor street en-
trance. ff

Don't miss this opportunity to have a choice home
at your next visit to "Western" West End next
Tuesday at 5 p. m. Sam'l W. Goode & Co.

Great Sale of 200 Lots at Auctell,
June 23d, by Sam'l W. Goode & Co. Look out for
plats.

Don't
Buy croquet sets before you have examined the
large stock at John M. Miller's, 31 Marietta street. ff

Get ready for our big sale at Auctell on the 23d
200 choice lots at auction. Sam'l W. Goode & Co.

Round Trip Tickets 25 Cents
To Auctell, June 23d, good for returning on all
trains June 24th. Must be bought at Sam'l W.
Goode & Co's office. Special train to the great sale
of 200 lots.

Hammocks.

A large lot just received, all sizes and prices. John
M. Miller, 31 Marietta street.

A new six room dwelling on lot 57 x 250 feet, at
auction in West End next Tuesday, 21st, at 5 p. m.
Sam'l W. Goode & Co.

Baseball

Goods of every description at John M. Miller's, 31
Marietta street.

All the friends of the First Presbyterian mission
will please send picnic baskets to Mrs. Miller's, 68
Marietta street, before 3 o'clock Saturday morning.

See our special column of a choice home in West
End next Tuesday at auction. Well located. Sam'l
W. Goode & Co.

Here's your Chance to Save Rent.
Capital City Land and Improve-
ment Co. will sell you a lot and
build a house according to your
plans. A small cash payment only
required, balance in monthly instal-
ments covering a period of five
years. JACOB HAAS,
8p Secretary.

Croquet Sets.

4, 6 and 8 balls, all prices, at John M. Miller's, 31
Marietta street, ff

Sam'l W. Goode & Co. offers a great bargain at
auction next Tuesday in West End.

Fine Music, Cheap Tickets.

Only 25 cents round trip to sale at Auctell, June
23d. 200 lots. Go and take your family. Sam'l W.
Goode & Co.

Receiver's Sale.

The machinery of the Hope Iron
Works, consisting of lathes, planers
and other machinists' tools. Also a
lot of wood-working tools. This is
a splendid lot of fine tools and a
good opportunity to buy cheap.
All new. O. A. SMITH,
Receiver.

HYDROPHOBIA FEARED

A Rabid Dog Bites a Young Man
in Three Places.

DESPERATE RACE WITH A MAD BRUTE.

Sterman Carr's Experience—Thrilling Nar-
rative of the Victim—Testing the
Efficacy of a Mad Stone.

"A mad stone! I want a mad stone! I have
been bitten by a mad dog and I'll get hydro-
phobia!"

Thus screamed Shearman Carr, a young
man as he rushed into Judge Payne's office
yesterday. Upon entering the office he told a
thrilling story of his experience with a mad
dog. As he recited his narrative his eyes were
dilated with fear and his cheeks were pale as
death and his frame shook like a leaf in the
wind. Then he showed the cruel wound in
his hand caused by the poison-tainted teeth of the
raving brute.

Here is the unfortunate young man's exciting
narrative: "I was bitten by a mad dog, and this is the way it happened. I live at
Judge Payne's place, near the city limits, toward the new barracks. Yesterday afternoon
I was on my way home. Had just passed the last store, and my attention was attracted by a
mad dog. I stopped to look at it. I made my hand
into a fist and said, 'I'll teach you a lesson.' I
then ran after the dog. The dog saw my movements and
quickened his gait. I ran as fast as I could, and I tell you I got over ground; but on came
the mad brute, gnawing upon me at every jump. It was, I know,

THE GLARE IN HIS EYES

and the fear in his countenance. I began to
cry over me, for I always had a dread of being
bitten by a mad dog. Well, it took me no
time to realize that I must make tracks or
the mad brute would be upon me. He was coming
straight toward me. I made a bound and dashed off. The dog saw my movements and
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